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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XVII.

The reader no Janus, or he would not do what he often does.—How a rich man must live to be healthy.—People frequently surprised without causes.—A literary secret.—The parsonage.—Tribulation.—A quid pro quo.—A scene in the maid's chamber.—An unexpected discovery.—Love and hiera picra.—Love like every thing, but most of all like a ghost.

WITH feet that far outstript the wishes of his heart, Barclay proceeded towards the parsonage, ruminating on the freaks of Dame Fortune, and cursing her for reducing him to the servile employment of copying the factory of other people's brains. "Not," said he, "that I mind the situation in which I am placed, because it deprives me of the fanciful advantages of wealth, but because it wastes my youth in the performance of a task which I deem much beneath my spirit and acquirements."

The reader will be pleased to observe that Barclay was talking to himself, and he will then allow that, however wrong it may be for a man to flatter himself, there is by no means any thing uncommon or unnatural in it. He has done it himself a thousand times I'll be sworn, and has been as often ridiculed for it; but, being no Janus,* he could not see and improve by the derision and contemptuous merriment he suffered behind his back.

Our hero continued:

"I call the advantages of wealth fanciful, because every advantage we derive from it, excepting that of doing good, (which is, alas! so little practised) dwells solely in the fancy, without in the least partaking of reality. Sumptuous cloathing, prodigal entertainments, and so forth, these are what men generally consider as the advantages of riches; but do they contribute to happiness? No; for the coarse-clad peasant, with his oaten-cake, is happier than those who make no other use of the favours of fortune*. Sir William Temple, indeed, has said, that "the only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty†." Then those things which are commonly termed advantages are not real, but merely fanciful, and of course to a sane mind of no value or allurement.

Meditating thus, he bent his way toward the personage, with, as I have observed, feet that far outstript the wishes of his heart; but, had he in the slightest manner conceived what fortune had prepared for him, when most she seemed averse, his ardent desires would have had still more reason to complain of the slowness than of the swiftness of his motion. Such are the mysterious ways of Fortune! When we think ourselves the most deserted by her, then are we often her most peculiar care; but we should not wonder at this, for when things come to the worst they infallibly mend. We should, indeed, wonder at nothing. Most of those events at which people wonder, are what they had in truth the greatest reason to expect; consequently it merely serves to make them appear silly and absurd. I shall mention two circumstances, which are the constant subjects of surprise, when in fact there is nothing surprising in them.

There is a foolish wonder expressed by persons in general, after waiting some time for any one, if, when they have given up all thoughts of his coming, he should make his appearance. But it should be remembered, that the very moment when they cease to expect him, being the most limit and critical, is that at which there should be no wonder if he came. Again, those who have any slight wound, wonder how it happens that they are always hitting it and making it ach, as if they did it for the purpose, not recollecting or justly perceiving that they do not hit that particular part any oftener, nor perhaps so often as many others, but that its being sore makes them notice it whenever they do.

There is a third thing, also, which may be a matter of surprise to my readers, and that is, why I delay thus, and do not pursue my narrative. But this, too, is an idle wonder, and only proves that they know very little about writers of my cast, who are indeed of the noble Fabian race, for they do every thing Cunctando,* *by delaying*. This literary secret, however, must be *entre nous*. I entreat you not to let it go any further.

* PERSIUS, Sat. i. v. 57. O Jane, &c.
Hadst thou, but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people what splay mouths they make;
To mark their fingers pointed at thy back,
Their tongues lolled out, &c.

* The poor man has this advantage over the rich:—the former labours for gold, which he may possibly acquire; but the latter toils for happiness, and he toils in vain!

† Sir William Temple's Works, Vol. III.

* And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
O dain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, *by delays*, to put a stop to fate!
DRYDEN'S Translation of VIRGIL,
or rather of ENNIUS.

The village through which Barclay passed in his way to the parsonage, that stood at some distance from it, was very neatly built, and pleasingly rural. The first object that struck him on quitting it, was the church, situated on an eminence, and by its side, in a little valley, he espied the parsonage-house. The country about it was well cultivated, and being intersected by a stream, which lent its assistance to a neighbouring mill, it presented from many points, the most engaging and delightful prospect. On coming to the church, Barclay had a perfect view of the place whither he was going, which entirely engrossed his thoughts, and formed the sole object of his contemplation. Seating himself on the hill, he fixed his eyes on his new abode in the vale below, which he now perceived to be a white house, but so covered with vines, interwoven with jessamine and honey-suckle, that this was scarcely discernible. In the front was a green lawn, surrounded by a border filled with all sorts of flowers. On the left wing stood a green-house; on the right, stables and out-houses; and behind a very extensive garden and shrubbery. Barclay remained a considerable time with his face towards this delicious spot, without any feelings of admiration. His mind was wholly occupied with the strangeness of his situation. At length, recollecting himself, and composing his spirits, he rose, and pursuing a narrow path-way, which led by a gentle descent to the parsonage, he arrived at the gate of the 'fore-court.

He rang the bell, but no one appeared. He rang the second time with as little effect, and would certainly have imagined that nobody was within, if he had not heard a great bustle, and seen several people running to and fro in the upper part of the house. At a loss to conjecture what could be the occasion of all this disturbance, Barclay made a third essay at the bell, which proved more successful. He was admitted, and ushered into a parlour, where he saw a gentleman in a black velvet cap, whom he immediately recognized, from his friend's description, to be Mr. Pawlet. He was in the utmost tribulation, walking precipitately up and down the room, exclaiming, "O dear, O dear! She'll die, she'll surely die! O dear!"

"Sir," said the maid-servant, "here is a person who wishes to speak to you."

"Bless me," cried Mr. Pawlet, turning round, "I beg pardon."

Barclay now presented him with Keppel's letter, which he ran over in great haste; then seizing our hero by the hand, he said,

"Dear Mr. Temple, dear sir, you are a learned man—do you know any thing about physic?"

Barclay looked at him with surprise, not knowing what answer to make, or what to think of such a question.

"Excuse me, Mr. Temple," continued he, "excuse me, you're heartily welcome: I should have said so before, but I am almost distracted—While we are talking the poor creature is dying."

"Dying!—who sir?" inquired Barclay, with a secret wish that it might be his Hebrew mistress.

"The cook, sir," replied the parson, our poor cook! She complained of some of those qualms which trouble poor women occasionally, and Mrs. Pawlet, in following an old prescription she had by her, has, dear woman! with the best intention in the world, I'm sure, given her a dose which has almost killed her."

It afterwards appeared that Mrs. Pawlet had made what physicians call a *quid pro quo*,* that is, a mistake in the prescription. The mistake she had made was this: for the sickness that afflicted the cook, she had a receipt, which prescribed, amongst other things, ℥ *a drachm* of hiera picra, which mark she had taken for ʒ *an ounce*, and consequently given her seven times more than was necessary, and almost enough to vomit the devil himself to death. The effect it produced on the cook was very different, and in the highest degree alarming; and Mr. Pawlet, having explained the whole affair to Barclay, requested him to think of something that might give her relief.

"Indeed," said our hero, "I have very little medical skill. I would advise you to send for some professional man."

"That we should have done before," replied the parson, but there is not one within ten miles of this place, it was to supply this deficiency that my dear studied physic. But, oh dear," cried he, bursting into tears, "if the poor woman should die, what will become of Mrs. Pawlet! I know she meant well. To be sure the cook refused to take the draught after she had mixed it, and my dear declared she should leave the house immediately if she did not; yet I knew she meant well,—I am sure of it."

Barclay, seeing his distress, said, "That if he saw how she was afflicted, perhaps he might assist her, but he feared his advice would be of no service,"

He had no sooner uttered these words, than Mr. Pawlet took him by the arm, and hurried him up two pair of stairs, into the maid's room. Entering, he beheld the maid-servant stretched on the bed, groaning piteously. By her side, with her back towards the door, sat a young lady, holding her head, which the maid reclined on her arm; and at the further end of the chamber, on a box, was seated a thin, haggard figure, which Barclay instantly knew to be Mrs. Pawlet, leaning on her finger and thumb, in deep and unconcerned meditation.

As they came up stairs, Barclay had hinted to Mr. Pawlet, that he thought it probable that a plentiful application of warm water might remove her complaint, by easing her of the cause of it. He therefore, the moment he got into the room, addressed himself to Miss Penelope, the young lady, saying: "Run, Pen, run, my dear, and bring up some warm water!—You say that will do her good, don't you, Mr. Temple?"

Penelope did not know what was said, or was too much occupied to attend to it.

"I think it would," replied Barclay, and, approching the bed, he took the servant by the hand, and inquired how she felt. She was just about to answer, when Penelope, looking up to see who spoke, suddenly let the maid's head fall from her arm, and started from her seat. Barclay, at that moment, fixed his eyes on her, and quickly recollected the lovely image he had seen at Oxford. They stood, for a few seconds, gazing at each other in silent astonishment.

Mr. Pawlet, not adverting to our hero, and thinking that Penelope had risen to obey his orders, said, seeing that she did not stir,

"Well, Pen, my dear, why don't you go?"

"Sir," she replied, without taking her eyes from Barclay—

"Lose no time, I say, but go and fetch up some warm water."

She had by this time begun to perceive the awkwardness of her situation, and catching at Mr. Pawlet's last words, as an excuse for re-entering, cried, "Yes, yes, sir,—I'll go directly," and hurried out of the room.

It was a doubt, now, which was worst,

* A northern physician has written on *quid pro quos*, and says in his thesis, that there are "*quid pro quos* of the surgeon, *quid pro quos* of the cook," (Mrs. Pawlet was even with her, however!) "*quid pro quos* of the nurse &c." nor does he omit that there are salutary *quid pro quos*, dangerous *quid pro quos*, indifferent *quid pro quos*, &c. Heaven preserve us from *quid pro quos!*

Penelope, Barclay, or the cook. Not that I compare love to hiera picra, altho' it is assuredly the fact, that the effect of both is frequently very similar, viz.—both often making people exceedingly sick. This comparison may seem odd to some folks, they will not find it so, since there is scarcely any one thing in nature, however opposite in its kind, which may not be compared to love. Let us see. Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like Heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because is often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it here to day, and gone to morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one into the wished for port; like a will-o'the-wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it frequently runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing breeds like it. In a word it is like—every thing—and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Account of a happy People and a just Government.

M. JUSTAMOND, in his ingenious and useful work, "The Philosophical History of Commerce," asserts, that there is a district in Bengal, called Bissenpour, which hath hitherto preserved its independence. This fortunate spot extends about 160 miles. It has been governed time immemorial by a Bramin family of the tribe of Rajahputs. Here the purity and equity of the ancient political system of the Indians is found unadulterated. This singular government, the finest and most striking monument in the world, has 'till now been beheld with too much indifference. We have no remains of ancient nations but brass and marble, which speak only to imagination and conjecture, those uncertain interpreters of manners and customs that no longer exist. Were a philosopher transported to Bissenpour, he would instantly be a witness of the life led by the first inhabitants of India many thousand years since: he would converse with them; he would trace the progress of this nation, celebrated as it were from its very infancy; he would see the rise of a government, which being founded in happy prejudices, in a simplicity and purity of manners, in the mild temper of the people, and the integrity of their chiefs, has survived those innumerable systems of legislation which have made only a transitory appearance on the stage of the world, with the generations they were destined to torment.—More solid and durable than these political structures, which raised, by imposture and enthusiasm, are the scourges of human kind, and are doomed to perish with the foolish opinions that gave them birth. The government of Bissenpour, the offspring of a just attention to order, and the laws of nature, has been established and maintained upon unchangeable principles, and has undergone no more alteration than those principles themselves. The singular situation of this country has preserved to the inhabitants their primitive happiness, and the gentleness of their character, by securing them from the danger of being conquered, or embruing their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures. Nature has surrounded them with water; and they need only open the sluices of their rivers to overflow the whole country. The armies sent to subdue them have so frequently been drowned, that the plan of subduing and enslaving them has been laid aside; and the projectors of it have thought proper to content themselves with an appearance of submission.

Liberty and property are sacred in Bissenpour. Robbery, either public or private, is never heard of. As soon as any stranger enters the territory, he engages the attention of the laws, which provide for his security: he is furnished with guides at free cost, who conduct him from place to place, and are accountable for his person and effects. When he changes his conductors, the new ones deliver to those they relieve, an attestation of their conduct, which is registered, and afterwards sent to the Raja. All the time he remains in the country he is maintained, and conveyed with his merchandize, at the expence of the state, unless he desires to stay longer than three days in the same place: in that case he is obliged to defray his own expences, unless detained by sickness, or an unavoidable accident.

This beneficence to strangers is the consequence of the warmth with which the natives enter into each other's interest.—They are so far from being guilty of an injury to each other, that whoever finds a purse, or other thing of value, hangs it on the first tree he comes to, and informs the nearest guard, who gives notice of it to the public by beat of drum.

These maxims of probity are so generally received, that they direct even the operations of government. Out of between seven and eight millions of livres, (about £.33,000 sterling, on an average) it annually receives, without injury to agriculture or trade, what is not wanted to supply the unavoidable expences of the state is laid out in improvements.—The Raja is enabled to engage in these humane employments, as he pays the Mogul only what tribute, and at what times, he thinks proper.

Description of the Green River Paroket of Kentucky.

THIS bird is about the size of a pigeon, of a green colour, except the head, which inclines to yellow. They go in flocks, or companies, about the plantations; and are remarkable for their docility. When once taken and caressed a few hours, they have no inclination to leave their captor; but will remain about his house, enjoying his bounty with unparalelled indifference and security. When thus tamed they serve as a decoy, by being perched on a pole or scaffold: while a flock is flying by, they will readily alight as conveniently as possible, and are so attached to each other, that any of the strangers that alight within reach may be taken by the owners of the decoy without difficulty, and these in two or three hours become as gentle as the other. They are possessed of an uncommon degree of sociability and friendship towards each other: when travelling about the house, should one of them discover a grain of corn or any other food, it immediately raises the alarm, and by a chattering peculiar to themselves, invites its fellows to partake of it; and when assembled, the discoverer splits the corn with his beak. They are remarkably fond of cuckle-burs, and the same friendship takes place on finding a plant or bush of these. When they lodge or sleep, they suspend themselves by the beak, from a pin or crevice in the wall of the house, or any convenience which a hollow tree affords, in which a whole stock will assemble, if sufficiently capacious. The females of a flock lay their eggs together in a hollow tree promiscuously, and when thus deposited, the males assume the charge of hatching and supporting them. It frequently happens that there are young in the nest half-fledged while others are yet in the shell.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THIS singular man was a native of New-England, and bred, as some say, a surgeon; a profession, however, which he relinquished very soon, and followed the sea. He is known for many years to have been a master and supercargo of one of those small vessels which trade between the New-England provinces and the West-Indies, carrying lumber, live stock, &c. from the latter circumstance he has often been called a horse-stealer. In this capacity he more than once visited Quebec, and thereby became acquainted with the situation of that town. Some time before the commencement of the dispute between Great Britain and America, Arnold had settled at New-Haven, and was then chosen captain of a company of volunteers by the inhabitants, who began to use themselves to arms, and to prepare for the crisis which was then to be expected. When then the first contest between the king's troops and the Americans happened at Lexington, a general alarm was given, and as soon as the news reached him, he called his company together, and asked them if they would march off with him the next morning to Boston (distant 150 miles). They agreed, and paraded before a tavern where one of their committees was sitting. He applied to the gentlemen for powder and shot, but they demurred supplying him, as he was not duly authorised. Arnold declared he was determined to have some; and Colonel Wooster remonstrating with him, Arnold exclaimed, "None but God Almighty shall prevent my marching! The committee yielded, and Arnold and his company set off for head-quarters. This spirited conduct brought him into notice; and we soon find him with the rank of colonel, and commanding a body of troops on an expedition to Canada. This exploit, one of the most extraordinary during the war, deserves notice. The whole body of men were about 1100, under the command of Arnold, and marched from Cambridge to Newburyport, where they embarked on board transports, for Kennebec, which carried them up to Gardenet's town. Here they embarked in batteaux, and proceeded in divisions; short of provisions, deserted by many of their companions, and undergoing inexpressible fatigue, till they reached the banks of the great Cuandiore, where they met with support, after having been thirty-one days in a wilderness, without seeing a house. After refreshing his men, he arrived at Point Louis, opposite Quebec: but found the city, which he intended to surprize, had been informed of his coming.

This happened by his own imprudence in trusting a letter to an unknown Indian, who carried it to the lieutenant-governor. Arnold was necessarily obliged to wait until General Montgomery arrived, whom he joined on the 5th of December, before Quebec. In the attempt to storm the city, Arnold behaved with his usual spirit, but received a wound in the leg, and was carried off to the hospital. He however took the command after Montgomery's death, and drew off the shattered remains of the army, and in June retreated to Crown Point. When General Carleton advanced with the British forces, General Gates appointed General Arnold to command the fleet on Lake Champlain, although several complaints of misconduct were made against him. With great industry a naval force of one sloop, three schooners, and five gondolas, were prepared, of which Arnold took the command, and was afterwards reinforced by three gallies, and three gondolas; and with this force he engaged a much superior force of the English on the 11th, whom he checked, but on the 13th found himself obliged to fly, and run most of his fleet on shore, to save the men from being prisoners. Arnold here also gained much applause for his bravery, but was censured as having made a bad disposition of his force. With the rank of General, next year, he served at Danbury, and opposed General Tryphon, who was sent to destroy the provisions at that place.

In an action at Redfield he had his horse shot under him, and saved himself from being run through the body with a bayonet by shooting the English soldier who attempted it. His conduct here was so much applauded, that the Congress presented him with another horse in the room of that he had lost in the action. This was in 1777, and the same campaign he relieved Fort Schuyler, attacked by colonel St. Leger and Sir William Johnson.—This was the memorable year in which Burgoyne met his disgraceful fate. In the attempt to storm his intrenchments, Arnold commanded a part of the army; here he again shewed extraordinary courage, and was wounded in the thigh, of which he ever after felt the consequences, having one limb shorter than the other. When the British troops evacuated Philadelphia, in 1778, Arnold was appointed to command the American garrison. Here he lived in a very expensive style, far beyond his income; and to support it, engaged in trade and privateering, in both of which he was unsuccessful. He then set up a claim against the American government, which was disallowed by the commissioners appointed to examine it. This led him into intemperate conduct and expressions, for which he was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to receive a reprimand. From this moment he seems to have harboured the design of quitting the American service. He accordingly opened a correspondence, in 1780, with sir Henry Clinton, with whom he contracted to deliver up West Point, the place which he commanded. To settle all matters, the unfortunate Andre was sent up the river, in the Vulture sloop, to confer with Arnold. His detection and fate are well known. Arnold was more fortunate, and finding his scheme detected, got safe on board the Vulture. It was afterwards known, that as the price of treason, Arnold was to receive 5,000l. and the rank of brigadier general, and pay of a colonel in the English service.

General Washington wished to save Andre and exchange him for Arnold, and we cannot help thinking general Clinton ought to have acceded to these terms. Arnold in his new service, sought by his activity to render himself acceptable to his masters, and in 1781, was sent, with 15,000 men, and a few light horse, for the Chesepeak. He landed at Richmond, destroyed all the stores he could meet with, and afterwards proceeded to Portsmouth. A plan was laid by general Washington to catch him and his army, but it failed. Arnold was soon after joined by Gen. Phillips who took the command. Arnold, however, was still active in the war of havoc and destruction then carried on.

When Lord Cornwallis joined, he dispensed with Arnold's presence, who returned to N. York, and was fortunately saved from being with the army when it capitulated. We find him engaging in one piece more of active service, which was an enterprize against N. London, when he destroyed several vessels, sixty dwelling houses and eighty stores. It was a matter of surprise the English officers should stoop to act under the command of such a renegado, and many attempts have been made to palliate such conduct. After this service Arnold embarked with his family on board an armed ship, which sprung a leak, and he was obliged to quit her, and go on board an unarmed merchantship; in which, however, he had the good fortune to escape capture,

although most of the ships were taken. General Arnold was now received at court, and even admitted into some good company. After the peace, and a residence in England of some years,(in which we believe he had interest to procure a pension for his wife, in the event of her surviving him) he embarked for Nova Scotia, to take possession of a grant of land. There he remained some years in no very easy situation, and at last quitted it on a charge of perjury being preferred against him. He then went for the W. Indies, and was taken by the French, but found means to escape from on board one of their ships in a very extraordinary manner. He is afterward said to have rendered some important service to Sir Charles Grey, when commanding on that station. He returned once more to England, and seems to have closed a most extraordinary life in peace. He died at his house in Gloucester place, on Sunday, the 13th of June, 1801.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IT is with great satisfaction I observe the progress of Christianity in many parts of the Union.—I hope shortly to have the pleasure of congratulating you on a still greater evidence of its truth, in the conversion of those who have been its most violent opposers, and whose blindness and errors have been the wonder of ages, *viz.* the once chosen people of God—the children of Israel. This happy and glorious work I trust is now commencing its first progress in this city, if I may be permitted to judge from the present relaxed state of their religion.

My opinion is formed from these circumstances :—Impelled by curiosity to visit their place of worship on their last Sabbath-day, I was surprised at finding it closed, and more so in being informed no regular service had been performed there for some time past. The cause alleged, was, that they had no minister, he having been discharged from their not being able to afford him a sufficient salary.—Now, as several of the members, to my knowledge, are men of respectability and opulence, I could not suppose this a real cause; but that it plainly evinced a deficiency of zeal necessary to support their present form of worship.—We have, therefore, every reason to conclude, that, at this enlightened period, they have discovered their errors, are now emerging from darkness to light, and will, with avidity, embrace the true faith: though I understand some have proved refractory, which has occasioned a schism, and a separation from the more enlightened Jews, who have entirely forsaken their place of worship. The others, on the contrary, have shewn their zeal for their former opinions, by converting a stable into a house of God. I mean no reflections, yet still think this somewhat derogatory to the idea I entertain of the Supreme Being. I have understood, however, that those are the least respectable of their society, and not the best informed; we may therefore look forward with pious hope for the completion of the happy event above alluded to—And that it may speedily take place is the wish of

CHRISTIANUS.

[Such an event as Christianus speaks of would certainly be very desirable, and ought most devoutly to be prayed for by every well-wisher to Christianity; but we cannot perceive the data from which he draws the conclusion, that it is about now to take place.—Various reports are in circulation respecting the grounds of the schism and separation that have taken place among the Jews of this city; but none of them, that we have heard of before, ascribes their dissensions to a wish of either party to embrace Christianity. If, however, Christianus is in possession of facts, unknown to the public, that can justify the conclusion he has drawn; or if any other person can give a true statement of the affair, such information would be highly gratifying to many Christians, and would perhaps prevent aspersions on the Jews themselves. *Ed.*]

Description of the Andamaners; from Major Syme's Embassy to the Kingdom of Ava.

THE Andamaners are not more favoured in the formation of their bodies, than in the endowments of their mind. In stature they seldom exceed five feet; their limbs are disproportionably slender, their bellies protuberent, with high shoulders and large heads; and, strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of negroes*, with woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips; their eyes are small and red, their skin of a deep sooty black, whilst their countenances exhibit the extreme of wretchedness; a horrid mixture of famine and ferocity. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure.

Two young women, allured by the temptation of fish, were secured, and brought on board a ship at anchor in the harbour; the captain treated them with great humanity; they soon got rid of fear of violence, except what might be offered to their chastity, which they guarded with unremitting vigilance; although they had a small apartment allotted to themselves, and had no real cause for apprehension, one always watched while the other slept; they suffered clothes to be put on, but took them off again as soon as opportunity offered, and threw them away as useless incumbrances. When their fears were over, they became cheerful, chatted with freedom, and were inexpressibly diverted at the sight of their own persons in a mirror; they were fond of singing, sometimes in melancholy recitative, at others in a lively key; and often danced about with great agility, slapping themselves with the back of their heel. Wine and spirituous liquors were disagreeable to them; no food seemed so palatable as fish, rice and sugar. In a few weeks, having recovered strength, and become fat from the more than half-famished state in which they were brought on board, they began to think confinement irksome, and longed to regain their native freedom. In the middle of the night, when all but the watchmen were asleep, they passed in silence through the captain's cabin, jumped out of the stern windows into the sea, and swam to an island half a mile distant, where it was in vain to pursue them, had there been any such intention; but the object was to retain them by kindness, not by compulsion, an attempt that has failed

* It is a matter of much curiosity to discover the origin of a race of people so widely differing, not only from all the inhabitants of that vast continent, in the bosom of which the island of Andaman is embayed, but also from the natives of the Nicobar islands, which are immediately contiguous to it. Hitherto the enquiries of travellers seems to have produced no satisfactory conclusion: some have supposed that a Portuguese ship, early in the 10th century, laden with slaves from Mozambique, had been cast on these shores, and that the present Andamaners are the descendants of such as escaped drowning. This conjecture is proved to be erroneous, from the account given by the two Mahometan travellers, and long attention to the navigation of those seas by Europeans.

The Arabians, however, who sailed on the Indian ocean so early as the 7th century, who not only explored the continent of India as far as the Chinese sea, but likewise gained a knowledge of most of the eastern islands, might, by an accident similar to that which has been ascribed to the Portuguese vessel, have peopled Andaman with its present negro race. It deserves remark, that on the continent of India, extra Gangem figures of Boodhi or Budhoo, the Gaudma of the Birmans and Siamese, are often seen with the characteristic hair and features of the negro.

on every trial. Hunger may (and these instances are rare) induce them to put themselves into the power of strangers; but the moment want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature.

The few implements they used, were of the rudest texture; a bow from four to five feet long, the string made of the fibre of a tree, or a slip of bamboo, with arrows of reed, headed with fish bone, or wood hardened in the fire, is their principal weapon. Besides this, they carry a spear of heavy wood sharply pointed, and a shield made of bark, to defend themselves from the assaults of their enemies; for even those poor wretches have rights to assert, and dignities to maintain. Necessity has taught them an expert management of of their arms, on which they rely for subsistence; happily for them, their numerous creeks abound with fish, which they shoot and spear with surprising dexterity. They are said also to use a small hand net, made of the filaments of bark; the fish, when caught, are put into a wicker basket, which they carry on their backs; having kindled a fire, they throw the food on the coals, and devour it half broiled.

A few diminutive swine are to be found in the shirts of the forests, and among the mangrove, thickets in the low grounds: but these are very scarce, and are probably the progeny of a stock left by former navigators. When a native has the good fortune to slay one, he carefully preserves the skull and teeth to ornament his hut. They cross the bays, and go to fish either in canoes formed of a hollow tree, or on rafts of bamboo, which they direct by paddles. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground, are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of of trees are suspended; an opening is left on one side, just large enough to admit of entrance; leaves compose their bed. Being incommoded by insects, their first occupation in the morning is to plaster their bodies all over with mud, which, hardening in the sun, forms an impenetrable armour; they paint their woolly heads with red ochre and water—thus completely dressed, a more hideous appearance is not to be found in human form.

SENTIMENT—The opulent and the gay hear the cries of misery around them with the same indifference that one hears the tempest grumble when sheltered from its fury.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following is the KEY *to the "verse from Ecclesiastus," by your correspondent* LINGUISTICUS.

a u e o l r m n s t
u a o e r l n m t s

The verse reads thus:

Wisdom is good with an inheritance, and by it there is profit to them that see the sun; for wisdom is a defence and money is a defence, but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it. S. N.

HILARITY.

Friend, banish Despondency's ill boding gloom;
If too much indulg'd, it will point to the tomb:
What Heav'n bestows you, with thankfulness use;
To enjoy is obedience—a crime refuse.

AMYNTOR.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Brantome, a respectable French author, relates that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years, during which space it was thought, that, by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such, love in those days being conducted in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted that she would cure him instantly, and did it with the single word, *Speak*—What more could the Pythagorean plilosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience for a single day?

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WHEN he was very young, Lord Galway, who was a man of uncommon penetration and merit, and who often visited the Marchioness of Halifax, observing in him a strong inclination for a political life, but at the same time an unconquerable taste for pleasure, with some tincture of laziness, gave him the following advice:—"If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. In the distinguished posts your parts, rank and fortune will entitle you to fill, you will be liable to have visitors at every hour of the day; and unless you will rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure to yourself." This admonition, delivered in the most obliging manner, made a considerable impression upon the mind of our young man; who ever after observed that excellent rule, even when he went to bed late, and was already advanced in years.

ALEXANDER AND APELLES.

Alexander the Great coming into Apelles's shop, and speaking improperly of some pictures that were there exposed to view, Apelles told him frankly, "Sir, as long as you did not talk about our art, every one here had an admiration and respect for your majesty; but as soon as you pretended to judge of our works, my very 'prentices, who grind my colours, could not forbear laughing.

THE CALM CLERGYMAN.

A Prussian Clergyman applied to the King of Prussia for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him by his presence. His majesty thought it presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, and that he should preach on the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon of it; but Sunday morning came, and no text: he, however, went into the pulpit with an intention to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. The king came to chapel soon after, and sent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read; the contents were—"The inclosed is your text; you will preach immediately." He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed, when, to his great astonishment, he found it quite a blank: he looked at the other side, it was blank there too: he held it out for the audience to look at, and said, "*Here* is nothing," and then turning it, "and *there* nothing; and of *nothing* God created heaven and earth:" then quoted a verse in the 1st chapter of Genesis, to preach a sermon on it extempore. The king was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 16th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XV.

ON EQUANIMITY.

My dear Philander, in each state,
Midst all the diff'rent turns of Fate,
Perserve an equal mind.—"

GREAT is that noble energy of mind,
Which tempers rude Adversity's rough storms,
Resists Prosperity's ensnaring charms,
And makes the soul to all events resign'd.

Blest EQUANIMITY! 'Tis Thou alone
That giv'st to human life it truest sweets;
Whether in bustling crowds, or calm retreats—
In the mean cot, or on the gorgeous throne.

Possest of Thee, I view each varied scene
As but the empy bubble of an hour:
Careless alike of Fortune's shine, or low'r,
Upborne by Thee, I pass to climes serene.

Whilst Thou, with Truth and Virtue, art my guide,
I'll o'er Life's stormy ocean safety glide.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 23, 1802.

ANSWERS TO TWO ENIGMAS IN THE LAST NUMBER.

29.

WHEN spring and Flora mutual reign,
The Farmer tills his ground;
The *Ha*—rrow hides his scatter'd grain,—
No *riot*—s there are found.

He needs no *Harp* to soothe his strife;
And when on *er*—rand bent,
The sweet remembrance of his wife,
His lingering will prevent.

30.

Amongst the knots that mankind tie,
Is *Mar*—riage——*'tis a tight one;*
And the sixth vowel must be *y;*
I'm sure I've hit the right one.

See, high in office, *Burr* appears;
The *ox*—l then claims attention;
The *'s*—quire comes last, whose watchful fears—
But hold—no more we'll mention.

W. X.

ORIGINAL CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

My *first* to every taste must pleasing be;
My *second* is the fount of life and glee:
My *whole*, if faithful, is to me more dear
Than all the blessings of the circling year;
For, in it, every tho't and wish combines,
And Love, with Innocence and Beauty, shines.

CHARADE II.

My *first* is call'd the soother of Man's woes,
Soft'ner of life, and balm of his repose;
My *second* bears him on the pathless deep
Secure from tempests, waking or asleep:
My *whole*, when true, contains more real worth,
Than all the glitt'ring treasures of the earth.

NEW ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF HANDSOME YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

1. THE evening star, changing the fourth letter for the first letter of that which is the foundation of the Christian Religion, (for the lady's Christian name); the numerals for one thousand one hundred, and that which is pure, chaste, unsullied, innocent, guiltless, elegant, neat.

2. Three eighths of the first institution of heaven, three fifths of the remainder, omitting the first letter, (for the lady's Christian name); two sevenths of herself, and the two last letters of her title.

3. Half of a famous warlike people of Arabia, adding the first letter of what never deserts the afflicted or distressed, (for the lady's Christian name); to practise an amusement the most destructive of morality.

(The List to be Continued.)

Dreadful Effects of Intoxication!

A Melancholy affair took place in a house in Sixth-street, near South-street, on Monday last, about 4 o'clock—In a scuffle between a man and his wife, an infant child was thrown down on the floor, and the father unfortunately set his foot on its breast, which was the means of its immediate death. The quarrel appears to have been the fruits of intoxication.

THE same morning a man was found dead in his room, a few doors below South-street, in Third-street. This was also the effect of liquor, as he had been long in the habit of inebriety. He was found lying across two chairs, and the remains of a bottle of rum standing under one of them.

Marriages.

Ye stricklers for honors, and boarders of wealth,
Ye sportive and sprightly, with youth and with health,
Pray, trip it to HYMEN, *and no longer tarry;*
You'll ne'er get, nor enjoy, any bliss till you marry:
And only reflect, if you do not soon go,
That when you'd say yes, *you'll find others say* NO.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledolar, Mr. Thomas Pickands to Miss Rebecca Jones.

.....At Brookfield, (Mass.) Mr. Calvin Gilbert, aged 17, to Miss Theodocia Barret, of 14!

Deaths.

How oft Death's solemn knell alarms our ear!
How many friends, on all sides, disappear!
Snatch'd from earth's pleasures to the rueful tomb,
Mindless, perhaps, of their eternal home:
ALMIGHTY BEING! 'ere from time we fly,
Teach us Life's greatest lesson....HOW TO DIE.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 14th inst. in the 75th year of his age, John Jennings, Esq. one of the Aldermen for the city of Philadelphia, after a short, but very painful illness....On the 17th inst. Mr. John Herst, aged 90 years.

.....In England, O'Brien, the Irish giant; he was 8 feet 6 inches in height.

.....At New York, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Ann Crookes, the worthy and affectionate wife of Mr. John Crookes, Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

That "*Milo's Sonnet*" was written on a "Summer's Morning" the editor is now ready to acknowledge, because Milo has so informed him; and for the same reason he is also satisfied that it is original—But that this information was necessary in order to obviate the suspicions entertained, Milo himself must allow. However, as every thing is beautiful in its season, the sonnet shall appear at a proper time.

"*Carlos,*"—"*Philemon,*"—"*Philamor,*" &c. will appear next week.

The interesting little poem on the death of a young girl who died in the Bettering-house, which appears in the last page of the present No. our readers will perceive to be the production of a Mrs. *M'Allister*—This lady, we are informed, is *eighty-six years of age!* and yet, even at this advanced period, frequently amuses herself, and gratifies her friends, by similiar effusions. This is certainly a phenomenon in the female character—Such harmony of numbers, accompanied with so much sensibility at a period of life when the passions are supposed in a great measure to be decayed, and the finer feelings of the heart are dried up almost to their source, is extraordinary indeed——We need scarcely hint, that her future correspondence would be highly acceptable.

"*Pinkum,*" (not *Peter*) is entirely mistaken in his conjecture.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

The following is the production of a Mrs. M'ALLISTER composed impromptu, and without revision: it has many beauties, and if any defects, they will be overlooked from the advanced age of the author, whose principal solace is in such occasional effusions of poesy.

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL, BUT VERY UNFORTUNATE YOUNG GIRL, WHO DIED IN THE BETTERING-HOUSE, JULY, 1801.

AH hapless maid! her lot how hard!
A child to sorrow born,
In infancy an orphan left
To penury and scorn.

Her early years in servitude,
Consign'd to toil and pain;
And oft the heavy task subdu'd
Her weak and slender frame.

By nature delicately form'd;
An easy shape and mein:
A smiling aspect, ever pleas'd,
Bespoke a mind serene.

Endow'd with native innocence,
A kind and tender heart,
She felt the sorrows of her friends,
And ever bore a part.

But ah! those gifts of nature lost,
—No friendly aid so kind
To guide her youthful steps aright,
Or cultivate her mind.

As years elaps'd, gay freedom smil'd,
And fancy'd pleasures rose;
But adverse fortune still pursu'd—
In vain she sought repose.

Then, simply clad with innocence,
She left her native home,
And unprotected, unsustain'd,
A stranger, and alone,

She wander'd then from place to place,
Nor found a settl'd rest;
Hard labour earn'd her daily bread,
With sickness oft distress'd.

'Twas then the rose began to fade
That once bloom'd on her cheek,
A deadly pale usurp'd its place,
Her tender frame was weak.

At length a prospect came in view,
A settlement for life;—
A son of Neptune ask'd her hand,
And she became his wife.

But soon he left his helpless charge,
To cross the azure main;
Nor gave her aught for her support
Till his return again.

Thus left alone, she sought a friend
She long before had known,
Who kindly bade her welcome there
To make her house her home.

Five months she languish'd on her bed
In agonizing pain,
Had ev'ry kind attention paid—
Nor was it quite in vain.

Each morn a skilful surgeon came,
By humane pity mov'd,
Whose tender hand, and healing art,
Her chief complaint remov'd.

His kind attendance ev'ry day
Her languid spirits cheer'd,
For her returning health, 'twas thought
A prospect now appear'd.

But oh! the sequel to relate,
Must wound the list'ning ear,
And ev'ry tender eye let fall
A sympathetic tear.

A woman, said to be her friend,
Her daily visits paid,
And under friendship's sacred veil
Her innocence misled.

With flattering words and promises
How well she'd be suppli'd,
If she would come and stay with her—
Nor would she be deni'd.

The yielding victim soon compli'd;
(She'd liv'd with her before)
Forsook the cheerful fire-side,
And saw her friend no more.

And when within th' unhallow'd walls
Of that imperious dame,
Her dearest friends forbid the place
To whom she might complain.

A trav'ling doctor then was call'd,
He promis'd present aid;
With stores of med'cine misappli'd,
His judgment he display'd.

Increasing illness rack'd her frame,
With all his skill and care;
Her strength was gone, her spirits broke,
And sinking in despair.

The woman then began her rounds
For charity to crave;
For a poor object at her house
The gen'rous public gave.

The unfeeling creature then declar'd.
With her she should not stay,
And to the mansion of the poor
Quick hurri'd her away.

There, on a wretched bed of straw,
Her tender limbs were laid,
Without a friend to soothe her grief,
Or lend her any aid.

A few sad days, and painful nights,
She drew her lab'ring breath,—
At length her spirit wing'd its flight,
And nature sunk in death.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Adieu! dear shade, thy race was short,
Thy sorrows now are pass'd;
Thou'rt gone to taste the sweets of rest,
That will for ever last.

Let others chaunt the rich and great,
And count their virtues o'er;
Be't mine to paint the wretched state
Of the afflicted poor.

SIMON THE PAUPER.

(Concluded from our last.)

PART SECOND.

From yon noble mansion, round more than a mile,
The Lodge bell! to dinner it calls,
Let no retrospection thy fancy beguile,
Tho' none was more welcome than Simon ere while,
To a dinner within those high walls.

The sheep move together, no shelter is near,
The lapwing screams wild in affright,
Quick marches the gander, the geese in his rear,
The clouds now all terribly sable appear,
As portending the coming of night.

'Twas only yet noon tide; his faggots but few,
The coarse-welcome home was his dread,
Tho' done as much work as an old man cou'd do,
He must for his idleness go, he well knew,
In the dark without supper to bed.

He turn'd to look round, for he heard a whip crack
In unison harsh with the wind,
He saw a large horse and a man on his back,
Who strok'd the sleek neck, with a "softly Big Jack,"
But old Simon the faggot must bind.

The Poor's Overseer thus spake, for 'twas he,
"How now, Master Simon?" then ceas'd
Till head was uncover'd, and bent was the knee;
For such marks of homage paid duly must be,
Tho' the violent tempest increas'd.

With arrogance swell'd was this officer proud,
A doubt if his letters he knew;
But wonderful shrewd by the neighbours allow'd,
At vestry he held his head high in the crowd,
Better vers'd in the rates were but few.

This great man had threaten'd, his words let's repeat—
"The point let the parish decide,
"In spite of the vestry, the lord, and his leet,
"Ten full stack o' furze my large oven must heat,
"And these same shall the paupers provide."

Of silence an interval menac'd the roar,
That erst seem'd to murmur and creep,
But now like the stun where broad cataracts pour,
Or white billow, tearing huge stones down the shore,
It's rattling! long, dreadful, and deep!

Our officer shudder'd, tho' keen the chill Blast,
It nipp'd not the stern of his pride,
Askance eye of pity reluctantly cast,
"Step home to my house till this bustle is past:"
'Sir, I thank you' old Simon replied.

The thunder roll'd awful loud volly'ng peals!
Who out in such weather wou'd stay?
Home faces Jack's nose, and his side the spur feels,
Sling-trot he sets forward, and, close at his heels,
Poor old Simon to follow him may.

PART THIRD.

Safe hous'd, now imagine this even match'd pair,
Our officer great, and—poor man;
The first sits at ease in his large elbow chair,
High blazes the faggot, dry cloaths they prepare,
The good dish, and the cherishing can.

But chearless the out-house where Simon is shewn,
His garments may dry on his back;
And whilst for the small beer maid Mary is gone,
Before him, sans napkin, a cold mutton bone
She had plac'd for his hunger's attack.

The parlour door's open, for Simon must hear
The loud conversation—refin'd,
The topic is Charity, argument clear,
Both prov'd and lamented, that things were so dear,
And their hearts so humanely inclin'd.

An old clown stumps sturdily 'cross the til'd floor,
Well clad, but rude, noisy and rough;
In passing he star'd—"Eh! why is n't it sure?
"Old Master! so all-broken down, and so poor!
"Thou wast once a most tight bit o' stuff."-

This guest for the parlour, to dinner he came
That smok'd on the officer's board,
The father he was of our officer's dame,
Who once was old Simon? Say, Fortune, with shame!
This ungrateful boor's kind honour'd lord.

Tho' bloated with drink and repletion of cheer,
Poor Simon remember'd the face,
"'Twas Robert, my coachman!" down fell the salt tear,
The stroke pierc'd his heart with reflection severe,
And he hastily quitted the place.

The night was pitch dark, and the waters were out,
He walk'd fast revolving along,
His mind was a chaos of tumult and doubt,
Across the wide waste lay his sorrowful rout,
And of two roads, was chosen the wrong.

Three days and three nights ere the body was found,
In searching was spent little care;
'Twas said in the village poor Simon was drown'd,
To lay him in earth, tho' the parish was bound,
Yet 'tis only the Robin knows where.

Tho' public munificence, ample as just,
A noble provision hath made
For human distresses, why vested the trust,
With venal and ignorant baseness accurst,
That will turn its bless'd charge to a trade.

To wolves is the sheep as an help-craving ward,
By the God of all mercies consign'd!
Of institutes godlike the purpose is marr'd,
Committing to brutes, for protection and guard,
The old, helpless, and weak of our kind.